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MILNER HEATERS

STANDARD OF QUALITY

50 YEARS

THE LEADERS

— FOR SALE BY —

N.D. Phelps Co., Barre, Vt.

The Times' Daily Short Story.

Swift Vengeance.

(Original.)

Traveling in New Mexico, I stopped one evening in a hamlet. A number of desperadoes had ridden into the town and were in possession of the saloon, from which came a chorus of yells.

I was sitting on the veranda of the tavern when I saw a young Mexican man and woman go by. The man was good looking, and the girl was a beauty. Though I could not understand the Spanish lingo they talked, it was plain they were lovers. They separated almost in front of the tavern, not scrupling to embrace at parting, not caring that any one saw them in each other's arms, apparently oblivious to all except themselves.

Ten minutes later the young man was passing the saloon when several of the brawlers came out roaring drunk, brandishing revolvers.

"You say you can beat me shootin'?" yelled one to another. "I'll show you what I can do." And, aiming at the young Mexican, he fired. The boy sank down on the ground with a moan.

I heard a shriek and, looking toward a house the girl had entered, saw her staggering toward her lover. But she made only a few steps when she sank down in a swoon. Her mother came out and carried her back to the house. Several people put their heads out of their doors and windows and, seeing the young man lying on the ground, gathered round him and carried him into the nearest dwelling, where he died in a few minutes.

It was the shock of my life. I burned to see swift retribution meted out to the murderer, but there were only a few peaceable Mexicans in the town, and I knew it was impossible. I would gladly have left the place at once, but there was no conveyance except my horse, and I did not care to risk a journey at night alone.

I sat during the evening on the tavern veranda, endeavoring to quiet my indignation with tobacco. There was a half moon in the sky. The air was balmy, and perfect quiet reigned. The people of the town were all indoors. The desperadoes had drunk so hard that they were all doubtless in a stupor. At any rate, they made no noise, and they were still in the saloon. I knew I would not sleep if I went to bed, so continued to sit where I was, lighting one cigar from another. At midnight I was still there. The moon was blood red, just above the horizon and gave no light. There was a flaring lamp on a post in front of the saloon, which partly illumined the street.

It was near morning when the moon came out of the saloon, a few at a time, and staggered past the tavern to a stable below, where they had put their horses. Presently one went by alone, whom, though the light was dim, I recognized as the murderer. He had scarcely passed the tavern when I saw a figure I could not tell if it was man or woman—emerge from behind a

him, keeping so far as possible in shadow.

Curiosity got the better of me, and I followed the man and his shadow. The former—I did not see the latter—was drawing near the stable, when I heard a soft voice call:

"Signor!"

The man paused and turned. What light there was shone directly on his face. I can see that face now, brutal, bloated, with a background of long, tangled hair and a beard falling below his head. He seemed to feel that he was a shabby cost over a dark blue woolen shirt. His trousers were tucked in his boots.

Then I caught a glimpse of another figure whom I deemed to be the shadow. The back was toward me, and by the silhouette I knew that it was a woman. I could hear her talking to the man, part in Spanish, part in English; but was not near enough to hear what she said.

Two more men came out of the saloon, and the man and the woman I watched moved into shadow. The men went on past the place where the couple had been standing and entered the stable. By this time the gang began to lead their horses out and were making preparations to mount, some tightening their saddle girths, some looking to articles strapped to their saddles, while others went back to the saloon for a last drink. Half an hour went by before they were all mounted and ready to depart. Then I heard one of them ask:

"All here?"

A few minutes later a voice said, "Sam is missing."

"Oh, I saw him go off with a gal," said a voice.

"Well, I reckon he'll come when he gets ready."

Then they all rode away.

I waited till the clatter of their horses' hoofs had died away in the distance, then strolled along, taking care to keep in shadow, toward the place where the murderer and the woman had disappeared. I listened, but could hear nothing. I waited, still listening and peering into the darkness. All was still. I entered a lane through which I thought the couple had probably gone. There was nothing but the stars to light the way, and, passing a dark point, I stumbled against something lying on the ground. I turned and, looking down at my stumbling block, saw that it was the shape of a human body. I put my hand down on a man's breast and against something wet. I started to get away, but a desire to fix my suspicion conquered my dread. I struck a match, and it flashed in the ashen face of the murderer.

An hour later I left the place without a word of my find.

F. A. MITCHEL.

Careful Mr. Smith.
Dr. Pills (meeting former patient)—Ah, good morning, Mr. Smith! How are you feeling this morning? Mr. Smith—Doctor, does it cost anything if I tell you?—Philadelphia Inquirer.

SHE FIRED IN SELF DEFENSE

Outline of Claims of Mrs. Bradley, on Trial For

KILLING SENATOR BROWN

The Prosecution Is All in—Case Against the Woman Prisoner Closed by Testimony of the Victim's Son.

Washington, Nov. 16.—The government concluded its presentation in the trial of Mrs. Bradley at 12:10 o'clock. Max Brown, son of the man who was killed, was the witness, but his testimony was not material.

At the afternoon session Mr. Hoover made his opening statement for Mrs. Bradley and court then adjourned until next Monday. Mr. Hoover claimed that Mrs. Bradley had become irresponsible by reason of Brown's treatment of her and she said that it would be proven that she did not shoot him until he had rushed on and cursed her.

The first witness yesterday was Mrs. Marilla Thornburg, matron at police station No. 1, where Mrs. Bradley was taken after the tragedy. She told of a visit to the prison by Senator Sutherland, whose conversation was not heard by the witness and also of a visit by Detective Grant of the local police force. She said she had heard the detective tell Mrs. Bradley that anything she might say would be used against her.

Lieutenant Hartley of the police force corroborated Mrs. Thornburg's testimony concerning the visit of Mr. Grant and his warning, but he said Mrs. Bradley had told the detective she did not wish to make a statement.

Detective Grant was then called to the stand, but Mr. Hoover made objection on the ground that Mrs. Bradley's statement was not voluntary and therefore not admissible. Judge Stafford decided, however, that it was proper, and Grant was allowed to testify.

IMMIGRANT FARE FOR MARLBOROUGH DUCHESS

In Company With Mrs. Mackay and Others, She Visits Ellis Island—Tagged and Put in Line With Aliens.

New York, Nov. 16.—In pursuing her investigation into municipal and sociological problems, the duchess of Marlborough visited Ellis island to see how Uncle Sam cares for the thousands of aliens who drop in on him every few days from foreign lands.

MISS FRYER'S SKIN IS TURNING PURPLE.

Strange Effect of a "Shampoo" Just Before Her Wedding Date.

Waterbury, Nov. 16.—As the result of a shampooing administered by a hairdresser, Miss Maud Fryer lies in a semi-comatose condition with her skin turning purple. The efforts to arouse her have proved futile. Miss Fryer was to have been married last Saturday. On the Tuesday before the wedding date, she went to the hairdresser for the shampooing.

Whether an experiment was tried or whether there was a deliberate attempt to interfere with the wedding, cannot be learned.

Miss Fryer emerged from the ministrations of the hairdresser with her hair stuck together as though with glue. The hairdresser will be prosecuted.

FAIR SEX IS DRAWN TO POWERS TRIAL.

Selection of Jury Began Yesterday to Sit on the Goebel Murder Case.

Georgetown, Ky., Nov. 16.—A number of women appeared and took seats near the prisoner, when the task of selecting a jury to try Caleb Powers for complicity in the murder of William Goebel in Frankfort in January, 1900, was begun before special Judge J. S. Morris in the Scott county circuit court yesterday.

Sheriff Warring arrived from Harrison county with 100 veniremen.

Powers was seriously ill Thursday night and had to have a physician. He was pale and weak yesterday morning.

DOUMA ADJOURNS TO GET WORD FROM THE CZAR.

President of the Lower House to Have Audience With Emperor.

St. Petersburg, Nov. 16.—Neither of the houses of Parliament were in session yesterday, pending the audience which President Khomyakoff is to have of Emperor Nicholas. The next session will be held on Monday.

The opening of the third Parliament Thursday attracted comparatively little attention in the country, and the women of the St. Petersburg papers have little weight, being confined to indignant praise on the part of the Novoye Vremya and other conservative journals for the "truly Russian note struck by the president of the lower house," while the radical organs attack Mr. Khomyakoff for what he left unsaid in his speech.

M. Khomyakoff is a great disappointment to the liberals, who have been accustomed to hear a new president sound a ringing note of defiance to the existing regime.

M. Khomyakoff was received in audience by Emperor Nicholas at Tsarskoe-Selo.

ETHIOPIAN SPIRIT RULES HER ACTIONS.

Alienist Sees Society Woman Accused of Burglaries in Chicago Jail.

Chicago, Nov. 16.—Mrs. Evelyn Romadke, wife of the Milwaukee millionaire, awaiting trial here on five indictments for burglary, has an Ethiopian spirit which rules her actions, Dr. Alex. Gustafson says. The doctor is the alienist who has treated the young woman in jail.

Mrs. Romadke gave up a home of luxury in Milwaukee to come to Chicago and consort with negro exconvicts. Although living in expensive apartments in a fashionable hotel and supplied with all the money she needed by her husband, she became a female Raffles, robbing rich homes of jewelry and giving them to her negro partner in crime. After her arrest she raved in jail, calling her husband "white trash," and pleading for the companionship of negroes.

A Familiar Situation.
Eloper (in a loud whisper)—Are you sure the rope ladder is firmly attached? Eloper—Oh, yes, I won't fall. Papa and mamma are at the top, holding it!—Cleveland Leader.

No Other Food Product has a like Record

Baker's Cocoa

127 Years of Constantly Increasing Sales



It is a perfect food, as wholesome as it is delicious, highly nourishing, easily digested, fitted to repair wasted strength, preserve health, prolong life.

Our Choice Recipe Book, containing directions for preparing more than 100 delicate dishes, sent free on request.

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NOAH'S DIARY SLICK FRAUD

Alleged Historical Find a Fake

More Daring Scheme

Led to Discovery—Michigan Copper Used to Manufacture "Ancient" Spears, Axes and Other Indian Implements.

Chicago, Nov. 16.—A despatch to the Tribune from Detroit, says:

An alleged copy of Noah's diary upon a copper tablet, dug up in Michigan, and offered for sale to a Wisconsin collector, has resulted in uncovering one of the cleverest rife swindles of recent years. A former secretary of state, it is charged, is implicated in the affair, also a museum curator and other Michigan men.

Michigan copper formed the basis of the enterprise, which consisted in manufacturing ancient relics out of copper, painting them green to represent verdigris, dipping them in corrosive acid and burying them in mounds, after which they were dug up by relic-hunting expeditions under the leadership of the promoters.

The affidavits of prominent citizens that they had seen the relics dug out of the ground were sufficient to secure their sale to credulous collectors, no one dreaming that the pre-historic age might have been only 10 minutes before.

As a finishing touch to a gigantic swindle, the manufacturers of the relics branched off to dig up in the presence of reputable witnesses bronze tablets inscribed with hieroglyphics and symbols of the biblical deluge and the tower of Babel.

The diary of Noah was offered to a wealthy man of Wisconsin, who asked the advice of a museum curator as to accepting it. This man had considerable experience with fakes and warned the relic patron to beware. Whether the relic finally was sold cannot be learned.

COLLINS PAYS PENALTY OF MURDER ON GALLOWES.

Slayed of Mary Ann McAuliffe Executed at Hopedale Cape.

Hopedale Cape, N. B., Nov. 16.—Thomas F. Collins was hanged at 7:25 a. m. yesterday for the murder of Mary Ann McAuliffe.

He made no confession and walked with a firm step to the gallows. Rev. B. H. Thomas accompanied him from his cell, administering spiritual consolation. The prisoner's hands were handcuffed behind him.

The execution was carried out by Hargman Radcliffe with perfect precision, death being instantaneous.

The sad procession proceeded through the main door of the prison thirteen short paces, along an enclosed passageway built for the purpose to the foot of the scaffold steps, fifteen in number, which he mounted to expiate his crime.

Collins walked to the scaffold with a quick, firm step. The Rev. Mr. Thomas held his left arm. They walked up the steps of the platform together. The only other person on the platform were the executioner and Deputy Sheriff J. D. Bobbick. Sheriff Lynds remained in the jail until the execution was over.

Radcliffe quickly adjusted the black cap and rope. When all was in readiness the chaplain recited the Lord's prayer. He intoned the closing sentence Radcliffe pulled the lever and the drop fell. There was not a hitch of any kind, everything passing off as planned.

HER ROYAL RECORD COST HER \$500.

Expert Who Traced Mrs. Woolsey's Family Line to Alfred the Great Gets Verdict.

New York, Nov. 15.—Wishing to become a member of a society known as the "Order of the Crown," Mrs. Thomas Rigby Woolsey, wife of Minthorne Woolsey, a banker and broker of this city, engaged Charles H. Browning, a genealogist of Arlington, Pa., to trace back her ancestors for the necessary qualification of royal blood, hinting that she was a descendant of Alfred the Great.

According to Browning, he was successful in his effort, and he charged that Mrs. Woolsey owed him \$500. He assigned his claim to George A. Harely, who got a verdict for the amount from a jury before Justice Hascall, in the city court.

Mrs. Woolsey said Browning sent her papers showing that she was a descendant of the English David family, but they were not accompanied with any proofs in accordance with the requirements of the "Order of the Crown"; therefore, they were worthless.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever
DR. T. Felix Goussard's Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier.

It removes all pimples, freckles, black and white spots, no matter how deep, and every blemish of the complexion. It restores the natural color of the skin, and makes it soft and smooth. It is the best skin treatment for all complexions. It is sold in all drug stores. Price, 25 cents.

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SENTENCED TO STATE PRISON.

John Hogan Was Found Guilty of Adultery in Burlington.

Burlington, Nov. 16.—John Hogan, who was indicted in September on the charge of criminal assault on Hattie Marsh by the county court grand jury and later tried by a jury who found him guilty of adultery, was taken into court yesterday to receive his sentence. A plea of leniency in his behalf was made by his counsel who stated that Hogan had never been arraigned on a criminal charge before and had always been regarded as a respectable citizen.

Judge Powers stated in imposing sentence that the court had already formed an opinion in hearing the case to the effect that Hogan's reputation had always been good and he had been a respectable member of the community. He said for that reason what was considered

HE FELL BESIDE A—

Heard—Miss Muffet Up to Date in Colorado.

The incident I am about to relate happened in the fall of 1888, when my partner and I were hunting and trapping on the headwaters of the Fraser. My "partner" was a man of about 30 years, who had been a hunter all his life and his father one before him. He was born in Minnesota and lived with his parents near a large Indian village. At the age of 15 he and an Indian of the same age started out together, and for a year hunted and trapped, living entirely on the game they killed and on roots and berries. He understood everything connected with a hunter's life. Once, he said, he and Young Buffalo had nothing to eat for three days but a fat rattlesnake, which tasted very much like an owl and was not at all disagreeable. At the age of 25 he left the northwest and came to Colorado, where he became acquainted with Kit Carson, of whom he had scores of anecdotes to relate, and for the remainder of Carson's life the two were fast friends and often hunted together. When the late war broke out he joined Kit Carson's regiment and served throughout the war as a scout, after which he returned his attention to hunting once more. He lived with the Indians most of his life and had been married to five or six squaws in different tribes.

I first made his acquaintance while I was riding from Lusk, Wyo., down to Denver. At Cheyenne we fitted out with ammunition sufficient to last six months and a few other things, and before the sun went down were in Greeley, Colo. In a week after I first met Sandy we arrived at his cabin with supplies enough for six months. He had a comfortable log cabin 10 by 12 feet in a small park of about twenty-five acres, surrounded by densely timbered hills and on the banks of a small creek that emptied into the Fraser. He had about half the park fenced in for his five burros, with a lean-to against the cabin for shelter for them. Altogether it was my ideal of a hunter's home, and many a happy evening have I sat by the side of the fireplace and while enjoying a pipe listened to the anecdotes and adventures of the old man as he related them in a way that is impossible for me to imitate.

We stayed in the hills for two years and those days are the happiest I have spent. Sandy was not what he had been twenty years before, and although he could ride as far or as hard as I, and endure roughness and hardship as well, still he could not climb the hills like me, and it was not long until he gave almost his whole time about the camp and trapping along the creek, and often he would have more to show by hunting around camp than I, who had spent the whole day over the hills. But sometimes he would go with me, as was the case on the day this adventure happened.

We both started out together to hunt on the north slope of Arapahoe Peak. We intended to hunt in a circle and strike camp about dark. We went slowly and cautiously through the forest, climbing over windfalls at almost every step. It was a magnificent place for bears, but strange to say we did not get a glimpse of any creature whatever although we saw many signs of signs of bear, lion and elk. We traveled until about noon, when we stopped beside a small stream. We rested for about an hour, for it is hard work climbing over fallen trees and boulders, with all our senses on the qui vive for game, then started out in Indian file, but when it commenced to get dark and we had seen nothing I had relaxed my vigilance entirely and only thought of getting back to camp. I was about seventy-five feet ahead of Sandy, climbing over tree trunks and boulders, intent on reaching camp before it was entirely dark. There was a large tree lying in my way and in climbing over it I slipped and fell on the other side nearly on top of a big silvertip bear.

In attempting to spring over the tree again I was not so fortunate, for I received a glancing blow on the shoulder that sent me rolling. My head came in contact with a rock and I was knocked senseless, so what happened in the next five minutes is what Sandy told me. He said the bear came over the log and would have had me but Sandy got his rifle to his shoulder and the bear received a 45 calibre bullet in the base of the ear and dropped within six feet of me—Forest and Stream.

Conservatism in accumulating stocks is reported in most cases, and there are many in which working hours are being reduced and men laid off. As a rule, however, the reduction in proportion is not great and is taken rather as a measure of precaution than because of greatly diminished orders. All New England plants, including Bangor, Providence, Springfield, Lynn, Worcester, Hartford, New Haven and Bridgeport, report certain reductions in production, but do not indicate any serious crisis. On the contrary, the usual report is that industrial conditions are fair and that it is only surplus help which is being weeded out.

In all the New England time adequate currency is reported to meet pay rolls and to carry on business, although banks are not making many new loans. The check system has been introduced in a few cases in New York and Pennsylvania, notably at Buffalo, but at Troy the stringency is reported to be passing away.

BUSINESS IS GOOD.

Better Commercial and Manufacturing Conditions Exist All Over the Country.

New York, Nov. 16.—Comparatively sound conditions in commercial and manufacturing interests are indicated by special reports to R. G. Dun & Co., from over 60 or more of the leading cities of the country.

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Judge Powers stated in imposing sentence that the court had already formed an opinion in hearing the case to the effect that Hogan's reputation had always been good and he had been a respectable member of the community. He said for that reason what was considered

COMMON SENSE

Leads most intelligent people to use only medicines of known composition. Therefore it is that Dr. Pierce's medicines, the makers of which reject every ingredient entering into them from the bottle wrappers and other its correctness under oath, are daily giving in favor. The composition of Dr. Pierce's medicines is open to everybody. Dr. Pierce being desirous of having the public know the ingredients of his medicines, he has caused them to be printed in full upon his formulae, being convinced that the people are entitled to know the ingredients of the medicines they use.

These medicines are known the world over, and their great curative merits are recognized. Being wholly made of the active medicinal principles extracted from native forest roots, by exact processes original with Dr. Pierce, and without the use of a drop of alcohol, triple-refined and chemically pure glycerine being used instead in extracting and preserving the curative virtues residing in the roots employed, these medicines are entirely free from the objection of doing harm by creating an appetite for either alcoholic beverages or habit-forming drugs. Examine the formula on their bottle wrappers—the same as sworn to by Dr. Pierce, and you will find that his "Golden Medical Discovery," the great blood-purifier, stomach tonic and bowel regulator—the medicine which, while not recommended to cure consumption in its advanced stages (no medicine will do that) yet does cure all those catarrhal conditions of head and throat, weak stomach, torpid liver and morbid humors, weak lungs and hang-on-coughs, which, if neglected or badly treated lead up to and finally terminate in consumption.

Take the "Golden Medical Discovery" in time and it is not likely to disappoint you if you give it a thorough and fair trial. Don't expect miracles. It won't do supernatural things. You must exercise your patience and persevere in its use for a reasonable length of time to get its full benefits. The ingredients of which Dr. Pierce's medicines are composed have the unqualified endorsement of scores of medical leaders—better than any amount of lay, or non-professional, testimonials. They are not given away to be experimented with but are sold by all dealers in medicines at reasonable prices.

A mild sentence would be imposed, especially in view of the fact that Hogan was but 31 and there were many years of usefulness before him. He sentenced him to the state prison at Windsor for not less than 18 months or more than two years.

Hogan is a married man, but has no children. Hattie Marsh, on whose complaint Hogan was taken, is a town charge of Richmond.

MORE MILLS SHUT DOWN.

American Shipbuilding Company Inaugurates Policy of Retrenchment.

Cleveland, Nov. 16.—The directors of the American Shipbuilding company have decided to retrench, in view of the uncertainty of the general financial condition, by shutting down practically all of their plants along the Great Lakes at once. At Lorain, where 1,800 men are employed, 1,000 were discharged, and last night most of the remaining 800 will go. At Bay City, Mich., 400 men were let out yesterday and the remaining 600 may be dismissed today.

Two Hundred Hands Affected.

Milbury, Nov. 16.—The Bowden Feilding Mills, employing about two hundred hands, will shut down today for two weeks. The Worcester Steel foundry, which has been rushed with orders for a year and employs thirty hands, most of the help go and business is practically at a standstill.

Smelter Closes; 1,000 Idle.

Salt Lake City, Utah, Nov. 16.—The smelter of the United States Smelting, Refining & Mining Co., at Bingham Junction, which employs 1,000 men, will close at once. The affirmation by the United States court of appeals of the injunction against the smelters in the "smoke" cases is the reason given for the action.

400 Laid Off in Lawrence.

Lawrence, Nov. 16.—The combing and carding departments at the Wood Worsted and Arlington mills, have been closed for an indefinite period. Lack of orders is announced as the cause of the shutdown. About four or five hundred men are affected.

Portion of Force Laid Off.

Lowell, Nov. 16.—A portion of the working force in several of the departments of the Merrimack Woolen mills, in Dracut, have been laid off. The curtailment is due to a decrease in orders.

DR. MILES' ANTI-PAIN PILLS

FOR RHEUMATISM, BRUISES, BURNINGS, SCALDS, STOMACH DISTRESS, STREPTHERS.

Headache

Take ONE of the Little Tablets AND THE PAIN IS GONE

DR. MILES' ANTI-PAIN PILLS

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